

with your safe a physician to a person who had sent for him. "I don't know how it is," was the reply, "I eat well, sleep well, and have a good appetite."—"Very well," said the doctor, "I'll give you something to take away all that."



# DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

Mr. D. J. Hill, Argus Office, Norfolk, Va., is authorized to receive subscriptions, &c., for the Pioneer and receipt for the same. He will also forward any favors from our Norfolk friends intended for publication in this paper.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South sts., is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and receipt for the payment of the same.

JOSEPH B. PALMER is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and receipt for the payment of the same.

TUESDAY MORNING, NOV. 19, 1850.

**ANOTHER LAUNCH.**—Within the last few weeks we have announced the launching of two fine vessels—one by Capt. Hunter and the other by Col. Burgess—and it is with pleasure that we now record the third, by Mr. R. G. Newmans, on the 11th inst. This is the first vessel built by him, and will, we trust, prove the precursor of many others. She is 68 feet keel; 17 feet 4 inches breadth of beam, and 6 feet hold. Three vessels turned off within a month is doing very well, we should think. And "still the work goes bravely on."

## A CHEERING SIGN.

From the beginning of our brief editorial career, we have desired to avoid all matters except those of public concernment, in any controversy in which we might be involved with our contemporaries. How far we have been successful, we leave our readers to determine. Of one thing we are well assured—that our conscience acquits us of having ever voluntarily violated this rule. With the "Old North State" particularly we desired to battle upon the principles advocated by the respective parties, or discuss only such questions as were of general interest; and so long as that paper furnished us with views and sentiments pertinent to those principles and questions, we have, in the exercise of a legitimate right, freely criticised them. But, at length they seem to have been exhausted—and, growing "beautifully less and smaller by degrees," they have ultimately terminated in an utter subsidence; hence, on Saturday last, it made its appearance without making any other issue with us than one of an insignificant nature—and, as the public feel no interest in such a controversy, we will not surfeit them by a further prosecution of it.

The especial object of this article, however, is to announce to the world "a cheering sign"—the avowal by the editor of that paper that he "will not again (the States are his own) be driven or coerced into a war of slang and vituperation." We congratulate him on this wise and just resolve, and have, earlier, and thereby avoid the necessity of now admitting, by necessary implication, that he has been engaged in a "war of slang and vituperation." We claim none of the laurels of that war. We also congratulate the public that they may hereafter be favored with dissertations on matters of public concernment alone—a consummation most devoutly to be wished for.

**DINNER TO THE HON. W. S. ASHE.**—The dinner given to Mr. Ashe, on Friday the 8th inst., as a testimonial of the regard of the citizens of Wilmington for his fidelity as their representative in Congress, is said to have been a brilliant affair. This distinguished gentleman, being called on, responded in an able and eloquent speech, which was followed by others from Judge Strange, &c. Three hundred persons sat down to the sumptuous repast, and the number in attendance was much larger.

A very destructive fire occurred at Frederickton, N. B., on the 11th inst., consuming nearly four entire blocks in the centre of the city. The buildings mainly consisted of the principal stores, and contained large quantities of goods. Full 2000 persons are by this dreadful calamity rendered houseless.

A Southern Rights Meeting was held in Charlotte, N. C., on the 29th ult. Resolutions were adopted, and two delegates—Messrs. R. P. Waring and W. R. Myers—elected to the Nashville Convention.

**SPANISH TOBACCO IN NORTH CAROLINA.**—The editor of the Wilmington (N. C.) Commercial states that he has seen part of an experimental crop of tobacco, raised in that neighborhood from Spanish seed. It is very superior, and the specimen warrants the belief that the sand hills of North Carolina, under proper cultivation, will produce as fine tobacco as any country in the world.

**GOLD DUST.**—The editor of the Norfolk Argus has had the pleasure of handling a couple of bags of dust direct from the California mines, which had been sent by the denizens of the "placers" to citizens of that city, through the safe and expeditious medium of Adams & Co's Express. It was hermetically sealed and valued at \$5000.

Mrs. Fillmore, wife of the President, has been presented with a splendid carriage by some of the citizens of New York.

## THE NEW YORK ELECTIONS.

The smoke and dust of the battle have passed away—all doubts have been dispelled, and the "higher law" doctrine of Seward has triumphed over patriotism and justice. Washington Hunt, the Whig anti-fugitive-slave-law candidate, has been elected Governor of the Empire State, and a majority of the Legislature are of the same political complexion, so that Mr. Dickinson, the present Democratic Senator, will be superseded by a Whig.

This election is fraught with the deepest interest, and is destined, we think, to wield a mighty influence upon the future prospects of the country. It has long been looked to as the great turning point which was to decide the fate of the nation, and many were impressed with the conviction that truth and justice would prevail over error and fanaticism. A brief consideration of the subject may not be uninteresting.

When Congress passed the series of measures commonly known as the Compromise measures, the fugitive-slave law, the only advantageous feature to the South, was strenuously resisted by the mad-caps of the North, but finally prevailed. Immediately the cry of repeal and resistance was raised; and Seward, a Senator from New York, led off in the cry. He laid down the doctrine that he recognized a "higher law" than the Constitution of the country, which he had sworn to support—and, consequently, he would not hesitate to violate his oath rather than disobey the dictates of this "higher law."

After the adjournment, he went to New York and did all in his power to inculcate his own fiendish ideas; and in the elections then about to take place, this question entered as a main element. Great excitement prevailed there and elsewhere in consequence of the dangerous tendency of Seward's fanatical doctrines. Much wrangling and dissension characterized the Conventions which were held; but Washington Hunt was finally nominated. He endorsed the sentiments of Seward, and declared his opposition to the fugitive slave law. As the election approached, the excitement increased apace, and all eyes were concentrated on that State to ascertain her final decision.

So alarming was the condition of affairs, that a great meeting was called in the city of New York, for the purpose of quelling excitement and arresting the progress of fanaticism. Some advocated this movement, we have no doubt, through motives of patriotism; and others, through fear of exasperating the South and losing her trade. This latter was, we imagine, the prevailing motive; for the South is their most valuable customer, and they were too well aware of this fact and too keenly alive to the loss which they would, in that event, have sustained, to remain passive. This meeting was held—the "higher law" denounced, and conciliatory resolutions passed. Letters were read from eminent men, deprecating agitation and invoking a spirit of confraternity and friendship. This, it was thought by many, would kill off the Seward faction, and bring about a better state of public feeling; and they looked to the election for a confirmation of their belief.

Meanwhile, the contest was animated and exciting, and at length the great day arrived—"big with the fate of Caesar and of Rome." The result we have already stated—the triumph of fanaticism over justice, of iniquity over patriotism and the Constitution.

In addition to this, Senator Dickinson, one of the noblest spirits in the national councils, is to be supplanted by some votary of the triumphant faction, and that great body, the United States Senate, disgraced by the presence of another Seward. Senator Dickinson has challenged the warm admiration of the South even, by his liberal and conservative course in that body. When Northern representatives generally were railing against the South and fanning the flames of discord, he refused to chime in with the universal cry, threw himself manfully into the breach, and bravely battled for the Constitution and the laws. But he has been overwhelmed by the strong current of fanaticism, which, like an avalanche, has swept every thing before it.

What the full effect of this disastrous result will be, we cannot undertake to determine; but certain it is, the South have nothing to expect—their worst forebodings have been realized. The potent voice of the Empire State has been heard in clear and distinct tones of condemnation of the only feature of the adjustment measures which was at all acceptable to the South. When, therefore, Congress shall have again assembled, we may confidently expect to witness a powerful effort to repeal the fugitive-slave law; and the moral influence of that great State will be given to the unholy work. The storm which was said to have been quelled will again burst forth in all its fury—the same scenes which characterized the last session will be re-enacted at the next, and the demon of discord will prevail where the rainbow of peace was promised. The monster sleepeth, but is not dead, and his grim visage will yet strike terror to the hearts of many.

The people of the South should deliberately weigh these things. They

should remember that they were called upon to make enormous concessions for the sake of peace and harmony; that these concessions were made; that peace was promised, but has not been found. The North are as clamorous now as ever for "more blood," and like the horse-leech, the more you grant, the louder the cry of "Give! give!" And so pass away the glories of the much-vaunted "Compromise" scheme!

## NASHVILLE CONVENTION.

This body assembled at Nashville on the 11th inst., and about sixty delegates were present on the first day, and many more were hourly expected. The following States were represented: Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia and Florida.—Governor McDonald, of Georgia, presided. Mr. Clay, of Florida, submitted resolutions denouncing the Compromise lately adopted by Congress—asserting the unalienable right of secession, and recommending a general Southern Convention to devise the mode and measure of redress. These resolutions were referred to appropriate Committees. We have not received the subsequent proceedings of the Convention; but, from the number and respectability of its members, it is destined, we think, to exert a greater influence than many suppose. We trust that their deliberations will be characterized by wisdom and decision. No rashness need prevail—neither should timidity deter them from boldly and fearlessly marching up to the work and firmly performing their duty to the South.

## HANDSOME AND USEFUL PRESENTS.

We have received from S. O. Merwin, opposite Walters' Hotel, Main street, Norfolk, Va., a pair of Boots, which, for elegance of material, fidelity of workmanship and beauty of finish, cannot be surpassed in these parts; and besides they fit to a T—soft, easy and comfortable. Those in want of this very essential article of dress may rest assured that their orders will be faithfully and promptly executed by Mr. M., whose workmanship we have more than once tested, and can therefore confidently endorse.

To Capt. G. W. Bluford, of the same place, we are also indebted for a buckskin Vest pattern, which under the hand of friend Dyer, has been transformed into one of the most comfortable articles of wearing apparel we ever possessed. Capt. B. has on hand a large and varied assortment of leather, hides, coach findings, &c., &c., well worthy the attention of purchasers. Thanks, thanks to you both, gentlemen.

The Charleston Courier, which has maintained a studied silence on the Union question, after acknowledging the "higher law" to be a mere state to seduce, uses the following emphatic language:

In truth, and in plain terms, a careful and anxious observation of the progress of events has brought us to the conviction that a dissolution of the Union is inevitable, unless the course of legislation in Congress, and the Northern States, should be retrogressive, of which we have little or no hope.

We truly consider the "argument exhausted" and the time for "action" at hand. It is the province and the duty of our Legislature to point out the course to be pursued. That once done, the people will carry out their behests.

## DELAWARE ELECTION.

WILMINGTON, (Del.) Nov. 13. Returns have not yet been received, but from those that have come in, the impression is that the Democrats have swept the entire State. They will have a majority in the Legislature, elect their Governor and members of Congress.

Having thus a majority in the Legislature, the Democrats will, of course, elect an United States Senator. So far as heard, all the Democratic ticket, sheriff, coroners, &c. have been chosen.

## ILLINOIS ELECTION.

So far as received, the returns show the election of six Democrats and one Whig to Congress.

James Gordon Bennett, editor of the N. Y. Herald, was assaulted lately while walking on Broadway with his wife, knocked down and severely beaten. Bennett's course towards his assailant while a candidate for office was the cause. Poor Bennett, he has a hard time of it—but philosophically consoles himself with the reflection that his beatings are always profitable.

**COWHINDING IN CHICAGO.**—Mr. Wilson, of the Journal, gave long John Wentworth a bad cowhinding last week to escape which the valiant M. C. ran into a lively stable.

**HUNG IN EFFIGY.**—The Mississippiian informs us that Senator Foote was hung in effigy by the people of Canton, on account of his course in the Senate on the slavery question.

Late accounts from Mexico represent that the late elections there have resulted in the elevation of Gen. Arista to the Presidency.

**ACTUAL RESISTANCE.**—At Chardon, Ohio, fifty of the most respectable, influential and wealthy citizens, have formed themselves into a military company to resist, by force of arms, the fugitive slave law in that vicinity.

Read the interesting letter from our New Orleans correspondent.

## A GOOD MOVE.

As the conduct of the North has of late been characterized by an utter disregard of the feelings and violation of the rights of the people of the South, the latter are gravely deliberating upon the policy of commercial retaliation, whereby Northern merchandise will be excluded from our markets. Some propose to form associations for this purpose, and others recommend State legislation. During the late session of the Virginia Reform Convention, Mr. Floyd offered a resolution to the effect that power should be conferred on the Legislature to pass a law "discriminating against all goods manufactured in a non-slave-holding State"—or, in other words, that a law should be passed "prohibiting, by refusing to grant license, the sale of all goods from non-slave-holding States, within the Commonwealth either at wholesale or retail." The mover gave notice of his intention to urge this resolution on the Convention at its re-assemblage.

Some of the Southern planters are moving in this matter in their individual capacity. As an instance, we copy the following letter of a wealthy planter on the Savannah river to a merchant in New York, which is published in the Journal of Commerce:

FIRE, Oct. 18, 1850.  
"After seeing you on Tuesday morning, I found that I could obtain shoes of Southern manufacture from Atlanta, and consequently I will not require the shoes at which I looked and spoke of taking. At the same time, I will say to you that no inclination to deal with you prompts this step; but if the Northern people will not put down the abolitionists, we must have nothing to do with them, and buy as little of their manufactures as possible. So much for abolition! Respectfully, D. H. H."

The Savannah Georgian remarks in addition:  
"The manufacture of leather and shoes, which have heretofore been all purchased from the North, has been ascertained to be a profitable business. We are satisfied that a better article, at a less price, can be furnished, if proper encouragement is given to our own people. The difficulties with the North have caused our Southern planters to reflect upon this matter, and some have determined to profit by it. We have heard of several who have refused to purchase of Savannah merchants, and have gone to Atlanta and procured the supplies for their plantations. One establishment in this city, we are informed, during the past season, lost the sale of several thousand pairs of shoes on account of the determination of planters to retaliate upon the North for their interference with the institutions of the South. We were not aware that this disposition prevailed to so great an extent in Georgia. But it will soon extend itself throughout the whole Southern country. The result will be to render us in a great measure independent of the North by the increased production of the South. It will give employment to all classes of the community, and render slave labor more profitable."

This retaliatory spirit is right and proper. The nearest way to a Yankee's feelings is through his pocket—that will arouse their delicate sensibilities, and we go for it, heart and soul. Besides, a double purpose is thereby accomplished. We will teach them an important lesson, and build up manufactures at home, and thus become independent. Our people will find profitable employment at home, and money now spent at the North will be kept among us. Instead of enriching Northern cities, we should build up our own; and, while ours would grow and prosper apace, theirs would dwindle in an equal ratio. The people of the South are, at least, opening their eyes, and we trust will soon be wide awake to their vital interests.

**LATER FROM EUROPE.**  
By the steamer Cambria, which arrived at Halifax on Friday last, we have received later European advices. The political news is unimportant. Cotton had declined 1/4 per lb., with sales of 40,000 bales for the week. The price of Flour, Wheat, and Indian Corn remained unchanged, and the market continued firm since previous advices. The demand for Tobacco was active, with an improvement in price.

**ANOTHER HEAD OFF!**—Dr. E. O. Balfour, the accomplished Physician of the Marine Hospital at Norfolk, has been removed, and his place supplied by Dr. J. N. Schoolfield, of Portsmouth. Oh! the consistency of these spoils-hating, proscription-loathing Whigs!

Last week a barrel was shipped at Norfolk on board the Richmond steamer, directed to some one in Charlottesville, but not being called for at Port Walthall, it was taken on board, brought back, opened, and found to contain the body of a dead negro! It was destined for the Medical Faculty of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville.

**VISIT OF MILITARY TO EUROPE.**—One of our military companies, known by the name of the "New York Light Guard," have, it appears, in contemplation, a visit to Paris, London, and Liverpool. For the purpose of carrying this project into execution, an honorary member has volunteered to give \$5000, which will aid to a great extent in defraying the expenses. The company numbers one hundred men, all of whom will take passage in one of Collin's new steamers.—Evening Post.

A great chess match, to be played by amateurs of all nations, during the exhibition of 1851, is being arranged for.

## A GREAT RACE!

### A TWENTY-MILE HEAT!!

#### TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT!!!

On Tuesday morning last, our town presented a scene of unusual animation and excitement, the cause whereof we proceed duly to narrate. A gentleman in town owning a horse about 25 years old, and in a physical condition, which, from appearances, indicated an early voyage to that "bourne whence no traveler returns," boasted that said horse was an animal of superior parts, and avowed his readiness to bet \$50 that he could perform the feat of going 20 miles in two hours in harness. This proposition was promptly taken up, and every body supposed that this venerable specimen of horse-flesh would "die in harness," and yield up the ghost before the 20 miles had been traveled. We say every body; for all other business seemed to be suspended—professional men left their offices, merchants their stores, and mechanics their workshops—and our citizens congregated in the streets, with feelings akin to those displayed during times of warm political excitement, when every mail that arrives is expected to contain the important news. In fact, there was a general movement among the masses—and the appearance of a British man-of-war in our harbor would scarcely have created a greater sensation.

As the moment approached for starting, the excitement increased; and when old Rosinante was led out, he looked like the "last of his race," and his backers didn't look much better, for they began to fear that they had overhired the mark. Nobody would bet on old Whitey, save a few shrewd chaps who believe in odd looks, as Rory O'Moore did in odd numbers. But see! the driver mounts, and a hundred gold repeaters leap from their fobs into the hands of their eager owners—half past eleven o'clock, the word is given, and the crack of the whip is heard, and off trotted old Whitey, followed by one or two, who couldn't possibly endure the suspense of awaiting his return from Woodville, 10 miles distant, where he was to go and return in the given time. We shall not undertake to describe the excitement which prevailed during this interval; but it was really intense after the expiration of the first hour and a half—speculation was rife—all was doubt and uncertainty still.

An hour and forty minutes had passed, and no tidings of old bones—every body supposed the jig was up—he was either dead or broken down, certain. Ten minutes later and an express came dashing in—all eyes were bent upon him—all tongues clamorous to hear the news—hundreds of voices greeted him—"He's just round the corner, and will make his time with ease!" was the reply, and all eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of his approach. "There he is!" was simultaneously shouted from the multitude of eager spectators—and as the old fellow came loping down the street, he was greeted by a wild and frantic yell of enthusiastic applause, the like of which our usually quiet town has not witnessed in many a day. The distance was made in one hour and fifty-five minutes—five minutes to spare! Long, loud, and enthusiastic were the cheers upon this occasion.

We would not be understood as expressing any opinion in the premises—but as a faithful chronicler of passing events, we feel bound to record the greatest "sensation" which has been produced by any occurrence since our residence here. Other towns and cities get up excitements, and why not we? *Vive la bagatelle!*

Jenny Lind and Parodi (the latter a celebrated cantatrice just arrived from Europe) are both singing in New York to overwhelming houses, and it is said the greatest harmony exists between them.

## DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

### SEVEN LIVES LOST.

This morning between eight and nine o'clock, the schr. Cornelia A. Crook, Capt. Grant, while off the White Rocks, about six miles below this port, saw a number of canal boats drifting towards the shore, having on board of them a number of men who were making signs of distress. Notwithstanding it was blowing a pretty severe gale from the N. E. at the time, the schooner's boat was promptly lowered, and into it jumped the mate, named Geo. Smith, two seamen, and a brother of Capt. Grant who immediately pushed off to the assistance of those on board the canal boats, and succeeded in rescuing eight of them, with whom they returned to the schooner—but whilst in the act of getting on board, the boat was capsized, consigning to a watery grave seven of those whom it had contained, including the mate and the Captain's brother, two noble-hearted young men, who thus perished whilst in the act of saving others. The schooner came into port with her colors half-mast. The canal boats had during the violence of the storm, broken from the steamer Junata, which had them in tow. Their fate is not known, though it is feared they were all driven ashore. They were bound to this port, laden with the produce of the Susquehanna. (Balt. Patriot.)

**BROTHERLY LOVE.**—Jack, Jack! cried a sailor, on board a ship at sea, to one of his companions.  
"Holla!" replies Jack; "what is it?"  
"Your brother's overboard!"  
"Overboard?"  
"Yes!"  
"Blas' the luck! he's got my sea boots and monkey-jacket on!"

## Correspondence of the Pioneer.

### NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 1st.

A lovelier day than this, Friday, first November, I don't recollect ever to have seen; its equal doubtless has been, but its superior never was. Besides, to-day is All Saints' Day—one much celebrated by the native Orleansians, who, for the most part, sympathize with the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church. For several days the grave yards in the vicinity of the city, as well as those within its purlieus, have exhibited a most animated appearance. Friends and relatives have been busy making delicate preparations for to-day, by arranging about the tombs of departed cherished ones, their annual tributes of plants and fragrant flowers, removing intruding weeds, and otherwise exhibiting their tender affection for the memory of a father or mother, brother or sister. By the side of nearly every grave may be observed some one, diligently decorating it, and too often have I seen the scalding tear course down the pale cheek of a sorrowing mother, as she knelt by the grave of one, whose memory was so deeply linked with the happiness of other days; and observed, too, the struggles of a black-eyed brunette, to suppress the gushing fountains of her heart, when, seated on a mossy mound, the vacant stare and unheeding mind too plainly told—

### "The heart's communion with the past."

While I am writing you, the guns of the Alabama are booming, as she slowly reaches those points of the river opposite the several municipalities. She is now making her way up to her wharf in Lafayette and brings, no doubt, a full mail from California and the Isthmus, as well as a sprinkling of the rest. The news from California is anxiously looked for, and many anticipate a revolution in all the departments of that distant State. Such an opinion is sanctioned by the instability of every existing animate and inanimate thing within her boundaries. Our last advices brought us news of the want of confidence in her banking and mercantile departments, the hostility and open resistance of pre-emption claimants to the laws of the country, and the carte blanche given to evil-minded men to carry out their designs with impunity. Time will eventually bring about a destiny for this country of a good or bad extreme. There is no mediocrity for her—no half-way house at which she will cease to advance or retrace her course; her motto is to be or not to be, to reach the pinnacle of power, grandeur and wealth, or to sink rapidly from her high estate into the abyss of degradation. We hope for the best, and with some reason.

In view of the increasing demand for rapid communication between California and the United States, a project is on foot to establish a weekly line between this city and Chagres, by the addition of several steamships to the line already in operation. But a short time since it was thought hazardous to undertake a journey to California; the great distance, and time involved in the attempt, and the probable loss of health and life in the transit of the dreaded Isthmus. Now, how changed the thought. With-out contemplation, one, on a half-hour's notice, packs his "duds" in a carpet-bag, takes a "bus" for up-town, jumps aboard the steamer, and before he has time to stroke his beard, and imbibe a cocktail to keep the wind, finds himself on the road to San Francisco. When one thinks of the indomitable energy of the Yankee, the remark of the Dutchman is brought to mind, and he is apt to exclaim, "Mine Got, vot a beoples!"

"The city is now rapidly filling up with her transient citizens, who left us for a time to enjoy purer and fresher atmosphere, and strangers are pouring in from every nook and corner of the globe: the avenues of trade are blocked up with boxed and baled merchandise, and richly freighted vessels are crowding at our levees—the signs promise well. The fashionable promenades appear too, as they are always wont, at this season, livelier and brighter from increased beauty and fashion's sway, and nothing is wanting to fill the measure of a joyous and prosperous winter.

The recent death of an immensely wealthy land-owner near this city, has been the subject of much conversation. The singularity of his will was in perfect keeping with the whole course of his life. The entire portion of his immense estates, with a paltry exception, McDonough bequeathed to the cities of New Orleans and Baltimore; the sum excepted, he left to a sister, living in Baltimore. His property after his death was estimated to be worth between ten and fifteen millions of dollars—a calculation, by the way, though by no means close, is the nearest that can be made of the value of his landed property. He, like his wealthy antecedents of New York and Philadelphia, (Astor and Girard), was a great miser, and, as an instance of his penuriousness, he would invariably make one of his negroes row him in a boat, and from his residence across the river, to save the picaune, which his ferryage would cost him. A few nights after his decease, his house was entered and robbed of it, it is supposed, ten thousand dollars. A negro living on the premises, and who belonged to the deceased, was bribed by the robbers to point out to them the room in which McDonough kept his money. The robbery having been discovered, the negro was arrested, and he states that the robbers took off three buckets' full.—Quantum sufficit!

The tidings from "old short grass," as the absent sons of good old Virginia term their native State, leaves a hope that a bright future awaits her. The modelling of her Constitution is a thing long desired; and what is most astonishing is that it had not been done years since. Many a youth, poor in purse though rich at heart, instead of taking up his bundle and staff, and turning his back upon his native State, would have been spared the bitter feeling that weighed down his heart, the thought of leaving forever the land of his fathers, to seek a home where poverty is not denied a suffrage. The rapidity with which other States grew and strengthened under their liberal constitutions, was durable proof of their system of government; and it cannot be denied that their thrir-

was enhanced solely by their popular and republican legislation. I am taken happy that old Virginia has thriven around her long since learned to look upon her as a once lovely coquette, spoiled and determined to have her own way, reckless of the coming days of old maidenhood, until the reflection of thirty mirrors exposes her decaying charms, and awakes her to a thought of self.—Dear to her sons is the recollection of her grand, majestic scenery—her noble sides, up whose steep and crazy cliffs the fearless hunter climbs, and, leaping from cliff to cliff, follows the live-long day the fleeing chase—her thick, dark forests and impetuous rivers—all they are proud of; but "more than this, than these, than all," they love her—for she is their fatherland.

Yours, COZ.

"WHAT THE SOUTH OUGHT TO DO." Under this head the last Raleigh Star has a very sensible and well written article, in the main feature of which we heartily agree. After stating that the South has been imposed upon by the North, it proceeds:

"Associations should be formed throughout the length and breadth of the South of all classes and conditions of our citizens which may have in view the following or their equivalent objects:

In the first place to do all they can to produce unanimity of sentiment and concert of action in all our citizens, so as to show their Northern Brethren that they intend to abide by the Union as long as they can without sacrificing their rights or compromising their obligations to themselves. We see no objection that any patriotic citizen can have to this feature of such an association. Associated effort can accomplish more than the exertions of thousands who do not act in concert. If the Union is worth preserving, and if we desire to preserve it, we should feel interested enough in it to take this important and necessary step.

In the next place, they should do all that is in their power to promote the welfare and foster the interests of the South. To do this, all enterprises whose object may be to increase the amount and variety of our manufactures, should be encouraged and promoted. It is not sufficient that we should manufacture a few kinds of coarse cotton fabrics and leave all other kinds out of the question; but we should at once determine to embark in all the various kinds, so as to give employment to all our surplus labor and capital. Let us determine to deal only in our own fabrics, so far as we possibly can; and if we are compelled to have foreign articles, let us import them in our own vessels and to our own seaport towns. Let us manifest a willingness to patronize our own mechanics, manufacturers and importers, even if it does cost us more, for a few years. This we can promote by such associations and that too in a quiet, legal way. And what effects will it produce?

In a few years, we will be able to manufacture as extensively and cheaply as they do in the Northern States, and will be able to supply not only our own demands, but can also export extensively. There is no reason why we should not. We have the labor, the capital, the facilities, and the raw material at our very doors, and the only advantage the North has of us, is that she has many years the start of us. Because we have never yet competed successfully with the North, is no reason why we cannot, but is a strong one why we should place ourselves in such a position that we can do it. For years the larger portion of the public expenditures have been made at the North; and at their rivers and harbors which could claim the name have been improved under the fostering care of the national government. The South cannot expect much from that source, but she can help herself and ought to do it. And then our population would increase, our commerce would be extended, if we agreed to carry out this system. Works of internal improvement would spring up all over the country, and we would exhibit a spectacle of practical independence and lawful resistance, to which we attempted to be imposed upon us which the world might behold with satisfaction.

It requires firmness and self-dependence on our part. Are we not prepared to exercise them? Such firmness and self-sacrificing spirit as were manifested by our ancestors when they resisted the unlawful acts of the mother country. Are the people of the South ready to respond to such sentiments, or are they willing to submit longer to a commercial and political vassalage, which can only bring disgrace and degradation on them? We shall see.

Whilst this is a duty we owe to ourselves, it may be also not less advantageous to the Union. If the Southern trade withheld from the Northern markets, it will produce an effect which all the political movements of a century could not accomplish. Touch the pockets of our Yankee brethren, and let them see and feel that we are sincere in what we attempt, and they will soon show unmistakable signs of a returning spirit of justice, and will be willing to accord to us our just rights under the Constitution.

**A FATHER'S RIGHT TO HIS CHILD.**—In the Supreme Judicial Court at Augusta, Me., Mrs. Nancy Farnsworth brought an action of replevin to recover the possession of a child of Dr. Richardson, which she alleged had been given her by both parents when the child's mother was on her deathbed. She adduced the declarations of the father at the time of his wife's death, and subsequently, to prove that the gift of the child was absolute and unconditional. This was denied by the father, who produced evidence to show that the gift was conditional and subject to his claim above all others. The jury decided in favor of the plaintiff, and the custody of the child was given to her. Exceptions were taken by the defendant to the ruling of the Court, and the question of law is reserved for the full bench.

In Ireland, near a place called Monks, there may be seen a ruined house, in front of which is a large old chest, in which live three children, one of whom is idiot. The father, who was ejected from his farm, is in jail for debt.







## POETRY.

### WINTER FRIENDS.

They come—not only in the days  
Of happiness and weal;  
Not only when the kindly rays  
Of fortune's sun we feel;  
But when the clouds of sorrow lower,  
They're ever by our side,  
To aid us with their helping power  
Against affliction's tide.

They come—not only when we're blest  
With affluence and health;  
Not only when they are caress'd,  
And fed upon our wealth;  
But by the bed of death they're near,  
To soothe the fever'd head;  
To shed the sympathetic tear,  
And mourn for us, when dead.

They come—not as the butterfly,  
When summer's sky is bright,  
And, when life's roses drop and die,  
To wander out of sight;  
But round our breasts their mantles  
throw,  
When winter's snow descends;  
Who follow us through weal and woe—  
Such are our winter friends.

EXONICS.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE MATRON'S DEFENCE.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER WARS.

[It is proper to say that there is no exaggeration in the following sketch, the incidents narrated have actually occurred during the border wars of Kentucky, as the reader may convince himself, by referring to "Collins' History of Kentucky." The seemingly incredible feat (for a woman especially) of biting in two a musket bullet is there vouched for.]

If a true narrative could be written of the incidents of frontier life in Kentucky, from the Pioneer visit of Daniel Boone in 1769 to the commencement of the present century, it would constitute a romance of history that no legend of knight errantry or tradition of the holy wars could surpass. What the "dogs of Mahomed" were to the Hospitallers and Knights Templars, the Indians were to the border chivalry of our western forests; and acts of prowess which the Godfreys and Bohemonds of the second crusade, armed *cap-a-pie*, never excelled, were achieved by the hardy backwoods-men, clad in their simple linen-woolsey. The odds which by the laws of chivalry, a knight was required to face, the American pioneer never turned his back upon; and here it was not the paladin walling round with steel encountering a half-armed foe, but the white woodsman against the Indian woodsman, with equality in arms, in strategy, in everything except marksmanship, energy and daring.

The history of the war of the white men and the red tribes of Kentucky has been very imperfectly transmitted to us. We have only shreds and patches of it; and although we now have the law in a glimpse of its wonderful episodes in the pages of Collins and other biographers and compilers, we know less of the pioneer conflicts in Kentucky than we do of the border forays of the Solway and the Tweed.

The hardy race before whose unerring rifles the Indians fled or fled, and to whose keen axes the red man's citadel, the forest itself, succumbed, had little acquaintance with the "humanities." The manuscript of Daniel Boone, whose education was superior to that of a majority of his contemporaries, was barely legible, and his spelling and English were a burlesque on orthography, etymology, and syntax. History, or even autobiography, could not be expected under such circumstances. The frontiersman had no time to describe his own exploits in black and white, even had he possessed the capability and the inclination. But he was modest as he was rude and brave. There was not a particle of the Gascon in his nature; and if Boone could have heard while living the praise that has been bestowed upon him dead, he would have blushed at his own fame.

It was not alone the men of the frontier that were brave and resolute. The matrons were of the Roman stamp, and the undaunted mettle of many a border maiden was displayed in acts of heroism and devotion that eclipse the exploits of Joan of Arc and the heroine of Saragossa.

That we do not exaggerate the courage and fortitude of the mothers and daughters of "Old Kentucky," let the following story of which all the leading incidents are facts, testify:

A more beautiful and quiet scene than the clearing of the Elkhorn, which smiled and sparkled in the light of a cloudless sunrise, on the 27th of April, 1793, could not have been found between Kentucky river and the mountains. A rude but strongly built log cabin—half dwelling, half fortalice—was the most conspicuous object in the foreground. A stream, the Elkhorn, too large to be called a creek, yet scarcely broad and deep enough (excepting during a freshet) to be considered a river, its sloping banks clothed in the tender green of early spring, swept with rapid current within half a mile of the front of the cabin. The entire clearing consisted of about forty acres, gridded on every side by the dense forest. Except on the east, where a broad opening appeared, and the "blazed" outline of a road was visible for a rod or two, leading apparently to some adjacent settlement. The location was only three or four miles from Frankfort, then a small village, and about two miles from the nearest point on Kentucky river, of which the Elkhorn is a tributary. Within the cleared area labor had already done much. The axo, which had let the sunlight into the heart of the wilderness, had been promptly followed by the plow. The barns and corn-cribs were filled to overflowing, and the green blades, glistening with dew, that covered the southern slopes, gave promise of another abundant harvest.

The cabin was of double the usual size, for it contained two families. Its occupants were two brothers, Hosea and Jesse Cook, their wives and children, and a youth of seventeen, named John McAndre, who assisted the Cooks in their farm work. The brothers were originally from Connecticut, but had emigrated to Kentucky some years before the time at which our narrative opens. Nearly four years had elapsed since they had settled on the Elkhorn, and during the whole of that time they had seen but one Indian.

Hosea's household consisted of his wife Miriam, like himself a native of New England—a woman of commanding stature and great personal strength; and their daughter Alice, a fair, golden-haired beauty, with a face that smiled all over, then in her sixteenth year. Hope, the wife of Jesse Cook, was a rosy, comely daughter of Virginia, much younger than her sister-in-law, with two boys, of six and three years old, at her apron string. Young McAndre was a fine, hardy young huntsman, whose father had been killed in a rencontre with a party of Wyandots, near the Blue Lick, in that memorable year of the frontier wars of the West, the year 1782.

Just as the sun's red disc became visible above the upper line of the forest to the east, the door of the cabin opened and the brothers passed out. The scene spread before them was one of perfect repose. The morning mist had already lifted from the stream and was sailing slowly upward, while not a breath stirred to shake the pendent moisture from the forest leaves, or ripple the surface of the swiftly gliding water. But the Cooks were not the men to look upon the landscape with a poet's or a painter's eye, and with the simple observation that it was a fine growing morning, the elder, Hosea, shouldered his axe and followed by his brother, walked to a pile of chestnut timber a few rods west of the house, where they had been engaged the preceding day in splitting out fence rails.

They were both unarmed, and would have laughed at the idea of carrying weapons to protect themselves against the Indians, so confident had their long exemption from attack or molestation rendered them secure. But their dream of security was destined to be suddenly and awfully broken. They had not struck twenty blows with their axes, when a dozen rifles,

"Too nearly, deadly aimed to err," cracked from a clump of maples about forty yards in advance of the nearest point of woods, and Hosea Cook, who was in the act of chopping, sprang like a hawk to the air, and straightening as he descended, fell with his face upward, quite dead.

Jesse, although struck with three bullets, and mortally wounded, started in a staggering run for the cabin, and fell a few feet from the door, at the very moment that thirteen Wyandots, painted and plumed for war, leaped from the cover with a hoop of demoniac exultation. For one moment the inmates of the cabin were panic-stricken; but in the next, the youth, McAndre, had rushed out for the purpose of bringing in the wounded man. He seized him by the shoulders and was in the act of dragging him toward the house, when an old Indian, who had fired his charge when the volley was fired, took deliberate aim at the young man and shot him through the arm. His fall was seen by the body of Jesse Cook.

Had the savages rushed upon the cabin at that moment they would have encountered no resistance. The door was open, and the women completely unnerved by the horror of the scene. But the savages stopped when they reached the body of Hosea Cook, to scalp their victim. They knew that all the males of the household had fallen; and that it was utterly impossible for the women and children to escape. As to any attempt at a defence, they did not dream of that.

The three females, who, with arms outstretched towards the bleeding bodies of their fallen protectors, and eyes dilated with horror, stood huddled together on the threshold, felt rather than saw that their only chance of avoiding immediate massacre was in availing themselves of the brief respite which the bloodthirsty malignity of the savages allowed them. Rushing from the cabin, Miriam Cook grasped the corpse of her brother-in-law in her powerful arms, while at the same instant Hope and Alice seized each an arm of the unfortunate McAndre, and in the next instant they had darted back again, with their burdens, and closed and barred the door. The cabin was a solid structure, built of immense logs of chestnut and oak, completely impervious to rifle or musket shot, except at three or four points, where narrow loop-holes had been left for the convenience of reconnoitering or firing upon an enemy. These holes were about three feet from the ground, and barely large enough to admit the play of a rifle barrel so as to command the whole front of the building. The cabin was formed of two thicknesses of heavy white-oak planks, equally impervious to bullets, and when secured by the solid bar inside, was almost as impregnable as the walls of the cabin itself.

Having deposited their dead upon the cabin floor, Miriam, Hope and Alice began to prepare for a vigorous defence. Their faces no longer were an expression of terror. The brows of the two matrons were knitted with fierce determination, and their eyes sparkled with the instinct of revenge. Alice was no longer the timid and gentle maiden of yesterday. Her lover, (for she had given her whole heart, and was soon to have given her hand, to young McAndre) and her beloved father lay dead before her, side by side; the red demons were in the eyes of those swarthy warriors, and the body of the uncle outside, and something of the tigress flashed even in her eyes, half blinded as they were by tears. The two children alone exhibited signs of fear; but it was only perceptible in their blanched faces and quivering limbs. They neither shrieked nor wept, but sat in a corner of the cabin, with their arms locked together, watching the movements of the females as they piled chests and benches and firewood against the door, in order to strengthen the weakest point of defence.

Miriam Cook was the first to speak. After assisting to secure the door, she

had knelt down at one of the loop holes to reconnoitre. At the very instant when she applied her eye to the aperture, the group of savages, who had been engaged in stripping the body of her husband and hacking it with their knives and tomahawks, opened to the right and left, and a brawny fellow in the war trappings of a chief, advanced two or three steps and shook the bloody scalp of the victim derisively above his head, while the whole party joined in an infernal yell of scorn and exultation.

"My husband's rifle!" she shouted, springing to her feet, and rushing across the cabin she tore the weapon from the wall. But on trying the piece with the ramrod, it proved to be unloaded. She thrust her hand into the pouch, but it contained nothing except some musket bullets, which her husband had purchased at Frankfort a few days before, intending to run them up into balls suitable for his rifle. The powder-horn was full; but of what use was powder without ball? Dropping the weapon, she wrung her hands in despair. Suddenly a thought struck her: she seized one of the bullets, placed it between her teeth, and by a tremendous exertion, bit it clean in two! Dashing a charge of powder into the barrel, she rammed down one of the fragments, primed and cocked the piece, and the next moment its muzzle protruding through the aperture, covered the body of the chief now advancing at the head of his party toward the house. The quick eye of the savage caught the glimmer of the rifle sight as the sun-shine fell upon it, and he stopped; but before he had time to make a rush for cover, Miriam's finger pressed the trigger. When the puff of smoke from the discharge cleared away, she saw her victim reeling backward, and clutching at the air in a vain effort to recover himself. Before the other Indians, who seemed paralyzed by the unexpected catastrophe, could afford him any assistance, he threw his hands wildly above his head, and whirling quickly round, fell upon his face. A shout of triumph burst from the lips of Miriam as she saw the effect of the avenging shot, and then withdrawing from the loop-hole, commenced re-charging the rifle.

The savages remained motionless for a few seconds transfixed with astonishment, and then lifting the body of the chief, withdrew hastily to a more respectful distance from the cabin, and its inmates half believed that their peril was over. They were soon undeceived.

After getting out of gunshot the savages clustered together, and appeared for several minutes to be in close conversation. At the expiration of their pow-wow, having apparently agreed upon their plan of action, the whole gang took open order and dashed with wild yells, at full speed, toward the dwelling. As the foremost came up, Miriam Cook, who was now standing by the loop-hole, again discharged her rifle, and the unlucky Wyandot, shot through both legs, dropped in his tracks with an involuntary shriek of agony. The other eleven kept on, and on reaching the cabin six of them clambered on the roof, while the other five commenced firing at the doors and the openings in the logs. Those on the roof quickly kindled a fire on the shingles, which were soon in a bright blaze. The destruction of the cabin and the lives of the inmates were now a matter of time. Miriam did not yet despair. There was a log-cabin raft piled with water in the house, and Miriam, bucket in hand, mounted to the loft. Hope and Alice supplied her with water from below, and as long as it lasted she contrived to extinguish the flames as fast as they broke out, while she herself, enveloped and almost suffocated by steam and smoke, was invisible to the assailants. At length the water was exhausted, and one of the Indians, observing that the besieged were slackening, ventured to poke his head through one of the holes that had burned in the roof to see how the land lay. The undaunted Miriam was standing at the moment within a few feet of the opening, and the instant she saw the face of the Indian she whirled the empty bucket round her head, and hurling it with the full swing of her powerful arm, struck him directly in the forehead with the sharp edge of the stave. He heard the bones crash and the victim groan. A moment afterwards he was drawn away by his companions, three of whom then descended from the roof, bearing him in their arms.

Miriam now thought she heard the two who remained upon the roof tearing down the upper logs of the chimney, and presuming that they intended to attempt an entrance that way, she ran down stairs to prepare for them.

"The feather bed! the feather bed!" she shouted, as she reached the lower room; and this much prized article in the frontiersman's inventory of household chattels was quickly dragged forth and thrust *en ceremonie* into the huge fire-place. By this time one of the Indians was fairly in the chimney, and the other two followed.

"Thrust the lighted brands into it quick!" said Alice, and the next moment clouds of stifling smoke from the burning feathers were ascending the chimney. The savage made an effort to scramble up again, but the pungent effluvia of the feathers overcame him, and he fell heavily on the hearth-stone.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of over thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the first husband returned as suddenly as he departed.

He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore while taking in or discharging cargo, having been careful never to come nearer home than N. Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards the family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation.

There were strange rumors of slave trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for his conduct, he was certainly indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most

awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy, and one of the mean reptiles of the law, who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband, assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife whose death had already released him from the jurisdiction of earthly laws, was so manifest that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

It was upon a bright and beautiful afternoon in spring, when we met to hear (this singular case). The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the court room, and shed a halo around the long gray locks and broad forehead of the defendant—while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still sterner relief, by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of the adversary.

The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client; had we not been informed about the pattering of hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household goods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory.

Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin finger to one of the pages, desired the referees to read it, while he retired for a moment to bring in the principal witness. We had scarcely finished the section which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil, discovered to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect, as well as if it happened yesterday, how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked, in a cold, quiet tone—

"Do you know this lady?"

Answer—"I do."

Burr—"Will you swear to that?"

Answer—"I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief, she is my daughter."

Burr—"Can you swear to her identity?"

Answer—"I can."

Burr—"What is her age?"

Ans.—"She was 30 years old on the 20th day of April."

Burr—"When did you last see her?"

Ans.—"At her own house about a fortnight since."

Burr—"When did you last see her previous to that meeting?"

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was—

"On the 14th day of May, 17—"

"When she was just three weeks old," added Burr. "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such, I think, she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea and returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will paint the slow progress of hope sickening, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and finally, the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe that her husband had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean."

Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her afflictions, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her children. Her needle was the only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance which is ever grudgingly bestowed on an humble and lonely seamstress.

A merchant in New York in moderate but prosperous circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and, pleased with her gentle manners no less than her extreme beauty, endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship.

After some months he offered his hand and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant she soon found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries such as she had never possessed. Her children became her children, and received from him every advantage which wealth and affection could possibly procure.

Fifteen years passed away; the daughters married, and by their step-father were furnished with every comfort requisite in their new avocation of housekeepers. But they had hardly quitted their roof when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days, and from that time until the period of which I speak, the widower resided with the youngest daughter.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of over thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the first husband returned as suddenly as he departed.

He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore while taking in or discharging cargo, having been careful never to come nearer home than N. Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards the family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation.

There were strange rumors of slave trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for his conduct, he was certainly indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most

awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy, and one of the mean reptiles of the law, who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband, assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife whose death had already released him from the jurisdiction of earthly laws, was so manifest that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

It was upon a bright and beautiful afternoon in spring, when we met to hear (this singular case). The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the court room, and shed a halo around the long gray locks and broad forehead of the defendant—while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still sterner relief, by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of the adversary.

The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client; had we not been informed about the pattering of hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household goods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory.

Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin finger to one of the pages, desired the referees to read it, while he retired for a moment to bring in the principal witness. We had scarcely finished the section which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil, discovered to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect, as well as if it happened yesterday, how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked, in a cold, quiet tone—

"Do you know this lady?"

Answer—"I do."

Burr—"Will you swear to that?"

Answer—"I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief, she is my daughter."

Burr—"Can you swear to her identity?"

Answer—"I can."

Burr—"What is her age?"

Ans.—"She was 30 years old on the 20th day of April."

Burr—"When did you last see her?"

Ans.—"At her own house about a fortnight since."

Burr—"When did you last see her previous to that meeting?"

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was—

"On the 14th day of May, 17—"

"When she was just three weeks old," added Burr. "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such, I think, she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea and returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will paint the slow progress of hope sickening, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and finally, the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe that her husband had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean."

Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her afflictions, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her children. Her needle was the only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance which is ever grudgingly bestowed on an humble and lonely seamstress.

A merchant in New York in moderate but prosperous circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and, pleased with her gentle manners no less than her extreme beauty, endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship.

After some months he offered his hand and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant she soon found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries such as she had never possessed. Her children became her children, and received from him every advantage which wealth and affection could possibly procure.

Fifteen years passed away; the daughters married, and by their step-father were furnished with every comfort requisite in their new avocation of housekeepers. But they had hardly quitted their roof when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days, and from that time until the period of which I speak, the widower resided with the youngest daughter.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of over thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the first husband returned as suddenly as he departed.

He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore while taking in or discharging cargo, having been careful never to come nearer home than N. Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards the family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation.

There were strange rumors of slave trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for his conduct, he was certainly indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most

awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy, and one of the mean reptiles of the law, who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband, assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife whose death had already released him from the jurisdiction of earthly laws, was so manifest that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

It was upon a bright and beautiful afternoon in spring, when we met to hear (this singular case). The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the court room, and shed a halo around the long gray locks and broad forehead of the defendant—while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still sterner relief, by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of the adversary.

The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client; had we not been informed about the pattering of hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household goods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory.

Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin finger to one of the pages, desired the referees to read it, while he retired for a moment to bring in the principal witness. We had scarcely finished the section which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil, discovered to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect, as well as if it happened yesterday, how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked, in a cold, quiet tone—

dian of my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affection and shares my home; there is my father. For young selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare he insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of my kindred from her deserted children."

She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke, and moved as if to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," said Burr, "I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the words of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lips; it is for you to decide according to the requisition of nature and decrees of justice."

I need not say that our decision was in favor of the defendant, and that the plaintiff went forth followed by the contempt of every honorable person who was present at the trial.

## REMEMBRANCE OF PAST BENEFITS.

I once called on a neighbor, says Old Humphrey, who was watering an old stump of a geranium, which seemed to me to give very little promise of either green leaf or flower. "Neighbor," said I, "your labor will be lost."

"Perhaps so," said he, "but I can hardly part with my old tree for all that. I cannot help calling to my mind what it has been, and how often it has made my window look cheerful with its fresh, green leaves, and its fine scarlet flowers."

This reply completely silenced me, for I thought in my heart that my neighbor was right and I was wrong. It is a good sign to remember past advantages.

I called on a friend who was giving a mouthful of oats to a sieve to an old horse grazing in his paddock.

"You may court your horse," said I, "as much as you will, but it is not at all likely that he will ever be able to work again."

"True," replied he, "but I have no wish to forget the work he has done for me. Many a weary day has he been my companion, carrying me safely on his back or drawing me in my gig; and while old Dinger lives I hope never to grudge him a mouthful of grass or corn."

"Right," thought I, "and the feeling is a creditable one, but it is not always, nor often, that a poor brute falls into such good hands. I shall think the better of you for your humanity."

I called on a relative who was waited on by a very old servant, who made sad blunders; indeed, the old man was almost blind, and very feeble. "Old Peter's day is over," said I, "sad blunders he makes, and sad blunders he will make, for his day is gone by."

"I know it," replied my relative; "but if his day is gone by, mine is not, and while I live Peter shall have a home under the roof of my master he has so faithfully served. He has been a good servant to me, and to my father before me, and right little do I expect from him now in the way of service. Peter, I say, has served me, and it is now my turn to serve Peter."

I honored my kind-hearted relative for his remembrance of services, and for his attention to an old servant. So that, to speak the truth, I got good from my neighbor, my friend, and my relative.

Christian readers! are there none round about us whose infirmities we ought to bear with; whose we are neglecting, and treating with less kindness than we ourselves, if in their situation, should expect? Are there none whose past services we are forgetting or undervaluing, who have a just claim on our respect and thankfulness? Let us take this matter to heart, and give an honest reply.

Speaking of dogs, reminds me of a capital joke that occurred here, and one, of the coolest sort. S—, a well known sporting man, one who kept fast crabs, and boasted on his shooting powers, had several very fine dogs of which he was particularly fond, and allowed the largest liberty. Scarcely one day in one of the "principal hotels," his dog wandered around and at length began to play very familiar with a portly old gentleman, who was busily engaged reading. A moment passed, and the cane of the corpulent one was applied with no light hand to the back of the canine. A tremendous yell called S— to his feet with words the entire reverse of soft upon his tongue.

"Who the d—! struck my dog?"

"Did it sir?"

"You did?"

"Yes, sir—I did."

"What the h—! did you strike him for?"

"Because he's mad!"

"Mad? he's no more mad than I am?"

"Ain't I mad? Well, by the Lord I would be if any one was to strike me so."

The explosion that followed this icy reply cannot well be described, and which was maddest of the two it would not be easy to describe.

## LISTEN, LADIES! TO PETER PIPKINS.

I wish that I was married, I'm tired of this life; I think that I will turn a page, and try to get a wife; I think of all poor mortals removed in song of ditty, the bachelor who lives alone, deserves most of your pity! Some call their wives extinguishers, 'twould not be so with me; for I am quite extinguished now, at least for I am out of cash, and so of course I am without a friend; I'm out of credit and of coats, and no one wants to lend. I'm friendly to the married state, although its full of care, its best to have a helpmate, though joys must be rare. It is not good to live alone, with scarce a friend to greet, I'm sure the sweet bliss of wedded life must be far more sweet! I'll marry! yes, my mind is fixed, ladies! now here